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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Of shadows; like a hidden memory
Which knows its power to hurt, and thus can wait.
A golden melancholy brushed her face,
As she tore petals from an old regret
Of some long-withered blossom. Oh, the chase
Of time had left her somehow in his debt.
Like a tired traveller, I stopped to ask
Her charity; but slowly leaf by leaf
She stripped her flower. Hers was the woman's task
To sit in mourning, mine to fly from grief.

LADY OF AUTUMN

Lady of Autumn, in your cold repose
Dreaming among the brown-leaved empty vines
With sable robe drawn close, the night wind blows,
And Winter with his icy hand prefaces
Your lease on this bright garden of wild youth.
Soon you will nod by the dry sticks of age.
Lady of Autumn, do I speak the truth?—
Put on red shoes, make Love a pilgrimage!

THE HOUSE OF LAURELS

Gray in eternal twilight are its hills,
The country where my house is hidden away;
And melancholy with blind whippoorwills
That cannot fly to hunt their vanished day.

Carlyle F. McIntyre

Low sombre woods of crimson mulberries
 Beckon the desperate traveller to drain
A skin of their rich juice. Oh, here is peace
 For restlessness, for sorrow, and for pain.

The houses are of solid marble-stone
 And only large enough for one to sleep.
Hence, fathers from their children live alone;
 Lovers are parted as by hatred deep.

I pass the quiet porches of my friends;
 The eyeless walls give me no greeting sign.
One more turn to the left, and the road ends. . . .
 The house with laurels at the door is mine.

Carlyle F. McIntyre